

A GRAVE CRISIS.

Strikes, Lockouts, Boycotts and Disorder on Every Side.
The Tyranny of Trusts and Despotism of Labor.

BY J. J. INGALLS.

BETWEEN the tyranny of the trusts and the despotism of the labor unions, the social and industrial system of the United States is approaching a crisis of extreme gravity, whose consequences cannot now be accurately foretold, but that are certain to be immensely momentous.

Obviously matters cannot go on indefinitely as they are at present.

Strikes, lockouts, boycotts and disorder are intelligible in times of panic and distress, of shrinkage and disaster, when wages fall and multitudes are out of employment. But we are prosperous beyond precedent. The Treasury is congested. Our resources seem fabulous. All nations are our debtors. Money is so abundant and interest so low that the occupation of the miser and the usurer is gone. We have had the early and the latter rain, and the earth has yielded its increase with prodigal profusion. Plenty has been scattered over the smiling land. The demand for labor has been constant and remunerative, but the discontent of the employed is more general, more desperate and menacing than ever before in our history. It has apparently passed from the acute into the chronic stage, and from being casual has become permanent.

One of the most noteworthy and significant features of the situation is that labor troubles are confined almost exclusively to the North. They seldom occur in the South. This immunity is due partly to the absence of the foreign element. Society is more homogeneous—among the whites, also, there is less inequality of condition. Great fortunes are few. The burdens of life are less. The beneficence of the soil and the sky deprives poverty of its hardships and diminishes the necessity for toll. The negroes are not disturbed by social problems nor incited by ambition. Competition is more free, opportunity less restricted. Trusts and com-

bination have not absorbed the resources and monopolized the activities of the people. Trusts and labor unions are inseparable evils. They are twin relics of barbarism. Employers and employed ought to be auxiliaries. They are antagonists. They should be friends. Society has made them enemies. The great gulf between them yawns wider and more inexorably every day. Until conditions change they can never be reconciled. One or the other must be subjugated, or both may be destroyed. This is the logical consequence of the Declaration of Independence up to date. This is the product of Anglo-Saxon civilization based on the Golden Rule of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us. It is an ironical corollary to the brotherhood of man.

From the dispatches recently it appeared that the commerce, industry, business and public convenience of five States were interrupted by strikes; in some cases apparently capricious and wanton, without reason or justification.

In Kansas City one of the great packing houses was compelled to close by the walking out of men who had just signed a contract in which the owners conceded all that the unions required.

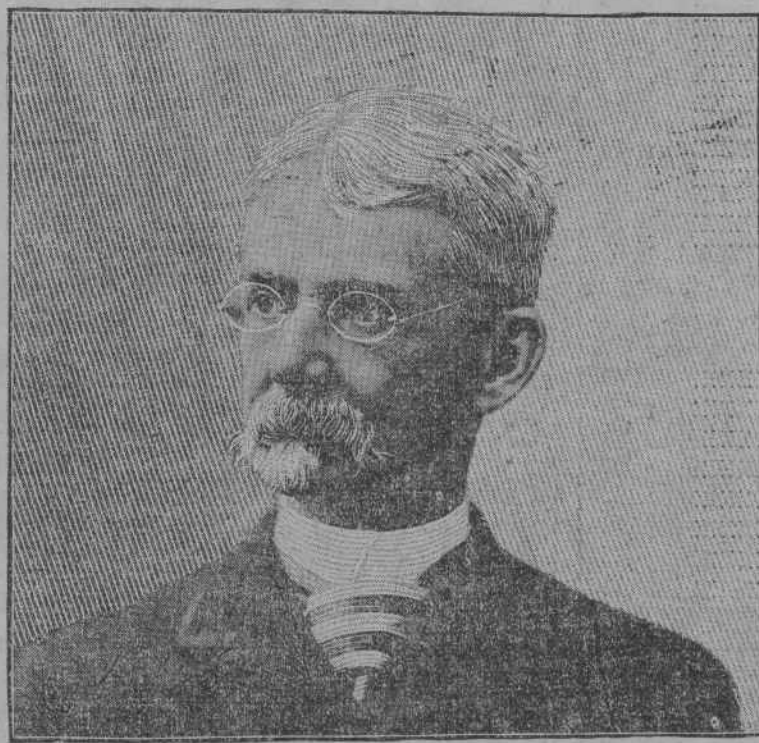
In Buffalo the freight handlers struck, practically suspending shipments of grain and merchandise between the East and the West.

In Chicago all building operations were stopped by a strike of the union brick makers, entailing immense losses and causing great inconvenience to vast numbers who were in no manner implicated otherwise in the altercation.

In Indiana Governor Mount had troops in readiness to disperse riotous laborers at the coal mines, who were not satisfied with the methods and the prices of the operators.

But Cleveland, Ohio, appeared to be the storm centre. For many weeks the entire street car system of this opulent and pros-

perous city of three hundred thousand inhabitants was in the control of a heterogeneous and conglomerated mob. The employees struck, and attacked with violence those who were hired to take their places.



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The property of the company, worth many millions, was unprotected. Obstructions were piled on the tracks. Cars were blown up with dynamite. One gentle apostle of freedom, in his solicitude to redress the wrongs

of labor, stretched strands of barbed wire across the track at a convenient height to decapitate a scab motorman on his night run. Being under size the man escaped, and the obstruction only tore out the vestibule

and wrecked the car. Curiously enough, the City Council, the mouthpiece and organ of the people, refused to have anything whatever to do with the difficulty either by way of official inquiry or

investigation. Whether they were in sympathy with the owners, the strikers or the public does not appear.

Governor Bushnell at length called out the militia, and General Axline appeared in the beleaguered city with troops enough to put down the rebellion and permit the street cars to run again.

But there were no passengers. The strikers being overcome by military force, resorted to the peaceful boycott. Every merchant, baker, grocer and trader who rode on the cars was proscribed and placed under the ban. So the shopkeepers rode in their carriages or hired cabs, and requested their clerks and typewriters and porters to trudge along on foot.

Between the tyranny of a mob and the tyranny of a monarch, if compelled to choose, most men would prefer the Kaiser or the Tycoon.

The expatriation of Astor may be unpatriotic, but it is not difficult to understand. If the battle now raging goes on, there will be safer places in the world than New York. Discontent may become exasperation. It is no longer ignorant. It is armed with the resources of modern science. One hundred desperate men with dynamite, nitro-glycerine and electricity could in an hour cut off the water supply of New York and leave the city in darkness. Paris in the days of the Commune was not worse than Cleveland during the street car strike, and if these passions are not appeased they will grow by that on which they feed.

It is a bad omen, too, that the last appeal to military force is made only to suppress and punish the outrages committed by laborers and the employed. If they do not desist, they are to be shot.

Of course it is wrong to wreck cars with dynamite, to beat and maim scabs, to cut trolley lines, destroy corporate property and subject the public to inconvenience. Such acts are crimes that deserve punishment, and

if committed by combinations too powerful for the courts, should be summarily dealt with by the soldiers of the Republic.

But did it ever occur to Governor Bushnell to call out the militia to suppress the trusts that have for so many years insolently defied the laws of Ohio, successfully resisted the mandates of its courts and inflicted irreparable injuries upon multitudes of its citizens?

If a poor devil of a striking laborer resists the laws, call out the militia by all means and kill him. But if a swollen corporation bribes courts, laughs at justice, oppresses the weak and robs the helpless, let us put a plank against trusts in the next platform and ask for a contribution!

We applaud Governor Mount for having his troops ready to shoot the rioters at the coal mines, but what about the window glass trust that took the bread from the mouths of five thousand innocent victims and doubled the price of sunlight in the laborer's cabin, that it might pay dividends upon thirty millions of fictitious capital?

And what does Governor Mount propose to do with the trust that has raised the price of nails that held together the boards of the laborer's pine coffin from \$1.25 to \$2.70; or with the railroads that have raised freight rates this week from 25 to 40 per cent between Chicago and the seaboard, in order to increase the profits of the farmers of Indiana?

How would it do to call out the militia to enforce the laws in the case of Captain Oberlin M. Carter, a thief convicted by court-martial of stealing \$1,700,000, and sentenced to dismissal, to a fine of \$5,000 and a term in the penitentiary? He has resisted the President, Secretary Alger, the Attorney-General and the court-martial till his bondsmen and the contractors are safe; and still draws his pay and dines at his club.

But perhaps the new Secretary of War will want to give the case another hearing before making any recommendation.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

Can a Man Hoard Money and Be a Christian?

THE STEWARDSHIP OF WEALTH.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM, Author of "The Man with the Hoe."

Religion Applied to Modern Conditions.

WHAT is the Christian doctrine of property? It is a deep problem, a difficult and anxious problem. One of the first things that Jesus did in His public ministry was to attack this problem with the whole force of His kindly mind. He everywhere takes the ground that God is the Owner and Giver of all, and that men are but the stewards of the gifts—that all property is held in trust for the common good.

In fact, the whole Bible declares against the selfish holding of property. It is to be held in trust for God's service. Let us to the word of the testimony: "Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens is the Lord's, and the Earth also, with all that therein is." (Deut. x. 14. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord." (Hag. ii. 8.) No man belongs even to himself, for we are told: "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price." (I Cor. vi. 19.)

This is the whole spirit of the Great Book. These words are as clear and open as the sun. There is no dodging their immense significance. They carry judgment and finality. Unless we accept their vast import, let us not mock God by calling ourselves Christians. For be it known that the application of these words to life, to personal and public life, would change the whole face of the world. They would destroy the social conflicts of the time, and upbuild on earth the Fraternal Commonwealth.

Take the momentous statement: "The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Landlordism, for instance, could not exist where this testi-

mony found lodgment in the hearts of the people. There could be no land monopoly if God is the sole owner of the land. It would be held by the State as the common property of all. God desires that men should have an equal access to His storehouses of good things. Otherwise He would not be the Father of the people.

But not only is the earth the Lord's, but also "the fulness thereof." So all property belongs to the people as a whole. And if by any chance it gets lodged in the hands of one man he is bound to look upon it as a sacred trust handed down from on high.

I am not asking that rich Christians should be more liberal in their giving, but that they should have a deep perception of their true relation to their riches. They are not proprietors—not if they are Christians. They are merely custodians, mere keepers of the keys, standing ever ready to give out their treasures in the way that will redound most to the good of man, which is the glory of God.

If any of our riches belong to God, all of them do. God is the sole proprietor, and He wishes His goods distributed to His children as they have need, even as He sends His rain upon the parched and hungry lands. So it comes to this—that we are trustees of God's gifts, and that they should be used in a way to honor Him. And how can He be honored? In only one way—by serving humanity. God in Christ identifies Himself with humanity. "Even as ye did it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Now, a serious question confronts the conscientious rich man. It is the same problem, of course, that confronts me and that confronts every man—"How can I most wisely use my money for human welfare?" This is the decree of Heaven for every man, whether he has one dollar or a million dollars. There is always, of course, a lawful use of money in the reasonable care of ourselves and our families. We should take good care of ourselves, in order that we can have power to serve in the public care.

But here creeps in sometimes a great error. God permits no extravagance—no waste. Wonderful are the strict economies of the universe. Not a leaf falls to the ground but it is changed into something rich and strange for the nourishment of the tree. And what divine voice was it that said of old, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost?"

Now, the common sense fact of it is that labor is exerted to produce wealth. But wasting is not wealth-making. If the luxury theory were true, then we ought to have a shipwreck as a public blessing, seeing that it gives employment to ship builders. A Kansas cyclone ought in this light to be hailed as a public benefactor, as it destroys property that will employ labor in the rebuilding. Society does not need the extravagant rich in order to get on.

No, my merry masters, you are not the pillars of the public prosperity. You are not putting bread into the mouths of the poor; you are taking it out. No, gentlemen, the thing you can do for the poor is to get off their backs! And while you are scrambling down I will read to you the following passage from the great John Ruskin:

"Do not cheat yourself into thinking that all the misery you can wear is so much put into the hungry mouths of those beneath you; it is not so; it is what you yourselves, whether you will or no, must some time instinctively feel it to be—it is what those who stand shivering in the streets, forming a line to watch you as you step out of your carriages, know it to be: those fine dresses do not mean that so much has been put into their mouths, but that so much has been taken out of their mouths. The real politico-economical significance of every one of those beautiful gowns is just this—that you have had a certain number of people put for a certain number of days wholly under your authority by the sternest of slave-masters—hunger and cold; and you have said to them: 'I will feed you, indeed, and clothe you, and give you fuel for so many days; but during those days you shall work for me only; your little brothers need clothes, but you shall make none for them; your sick friend needs clothes, but you shall make none for her; you yourself will soon need another and a warmer dress, but you shall make none for yourself. You shall make nothing but lace and roses for me; for this fortnight to come you shall work at the patterns and petals, and then I will crush and consume them away in an hour.' * * *

As long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long there can be no question at all but that splendor of dress is a crime. In due

time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at—not lace."

Extravagance, then, does not serve God; neither does mere charity giving. However it may have been in the past, it is certain that the day for alms-giving has passed. It is no cure for the social disorder. It is a mere palliative that helps to create the very thing it is intended to alleviate.

What, then, is left for the man who would use his riches as a trust from God? What is the thing of the first importance for him to do? I take it that it is his duty (as it is of all of us) to bend his energies to the extension of social righteousness. Let him seek out a way for leading the divine harmonies into the industrial life of the nation—let him build channels for the circulation of the social joy among the people. In brief, let him attack the great problem of labor and capital, determined to solve it by the light of religion and on the principle of the Golden Rule. This will transform him from a mere pietist in to a Christian—make him a co-worker with God—make him an approved workman in the upbuilding on earth of the Kingdom of Heaven, that kingdom which is the meaning of history and the purpose of the ages. This Kingdom of Social Justice was the dream of the ancient prophets; it was the aspiration of Christian martyrs and apostles.

In the light of this ideal Savonarola shaped his republic in Florence; Milton and Cromwell, who labored in England to lay the foundations of a Christian Commonwealth. Although their works did not endure, still no heart should ever falter. Justice cannot fail. The reason of the universe is a pledge of the victory of the Christ-purpose—the inebriating of earth, the inebriating of man.

And in our own day we have men who carry this ideal in their hearts—our Nathan Straus, of New York; our Mayor Jones, of Toledo; our N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis. And these are only three of many who are seeking for a clue to the secret of social salvation—trying to make the Golden Rule a working principle.

Perhaps to the mere money-grub all this would sound silly, and these men of the social spirit would seem "a little off." But, as life goes, one needs to be a little "off," in order to be "on."

How silly is the waste of one's life in money-making, unless one has some great and worthy end in view. Mere money-making as a pastime is as idiotic a business as the making of mud pies on the highway. Did the hard-hearted money-grub make \$80,000 on his birthday? Well, he would have been better employed trimming his nails on the back stairs.

But there are certain ones—high and heroic souls—who are choosing the nobler way: who are trying to obey the divine mandate: "Let him who would be greatest among you become the servant of all." And they find in this unworshipful path many sorrows and many burdens. But they are sorrows that are sweeter than the world's joy, and they are burdens that are easier than its rest.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

THE OPPOSITE VIEW (By Ella Wheeler Wilcox) OF MEN AND WOMEN.

WHEN a woman gives herself away she fancies that she has given a whole world; the man, however, believes that he has simply acquired possession of a new toy. A woman would be stoned if she began to do those things which a man of honor may do with impunity. A woman who is misunderstood is a woman who does not understand others. An unhappy woman is like a flower exposed to the wind; for a long time she remains a closed bud, and as soon as she begins to flower she withers. A woman's virtue must often be very great, since there are many cases where it has to suffice for two.—From Carmen Sylva's newly published "Thoughts of a Queen."

IT is evident that Queen Carmen has done a good deal more thinking than one expects a royal personage to do; and it is evident that she is something nearer a pessimist than a philosopher. The pessimist is one who looks on the side of life which he finds uppermost. The philosopher turns the world over and looks on all sides of it.

It is quite true that much is expected of women in this world; but it is no longer true that men

regard her as weak. At least the English-speaking male has ceased to so regard her. Savages and many foreign men still consider the wife and mother an inferior being, but in America and England she occupies a conspicuous place in masculine esteem.

I heard a bright man remark recently that he did not know one married couple where the wife was not the superior, and scarcely a family of girls and boys where the feminine element was not in every respect more noticeable intellectually than the masculine.

Several men agreed with him as they named over a list of acquaintances at random. I must confess, however, that I thought these men more gallant than accurate in their judgment. Women are frequently called "smarter" than their husbands, and sisters brighter than their brothers, when they are merely showier. I can call to mind a dozen illustrations of this fact.

Women possess more tact and are readier to meet unexpected situations than the sterner sex. They love to be noticed earlier in life and resort to more devices to bring about this result.

While a country boy is wondering how he can manage to find an excuse for keeping away from the party, and if he is obliged to go how he can best conceal his hands and feet, his sister is wheeling her parents to get her a new gown for the occasion, and is practising before the mirror to render herself an object of attention.

A young man will sit up half the night to read a book, and lie awake the other half to think about its problems, while his sister reads the reviews in the weekly papers, and talks glibly of it to her friends, who never knew her brother has opened its covers.

Not long ago I heard a lady make some brilliant remarks upon leading questions of the day at a dinner table. Her husband smiled as he listened, and said nothing. But I happened to be present later when the guests had gone and the husband asked his wife if she could explain one assertion she had made. The wife confessed she could not—she merely "knew it was so." Then very gently and clearly the husband explained the lady to herself—and told her why she was right. A certain intuitive quality with a fluency of speech and a positiveness of character made the woman seem to be much brighter than she really was. This is often the case, while the man is really the smarter and deeper.

Even the men themselves are deceived by this sort of thing and accord women far more praise frequently than they deserve. Carmen Sylva needs to live in America awhile and she will not think women so undervalued.

It is also true that a woman believes she has given a whole world away with the giving of herself. And she is right. The woman who gives herself in love to a man

gives him not only the whole earth but either highest heaven or deepest hell in addition.

If he is a man of any principle or moral worth or power of feeling he realizes the value of the gift he has received.

Carmen Sylva is talking of a bygone era when she says man regards woman as a mere toy. The toy age has passed, and most men know it.

The man who undertakes to make a toy of a woman nowadays usually finds her a boomerang before he gets through.

In this era a woman who has been used as a toy and thrown aside is capable of mending herself and becoming as good as new. Time was when a broken hope and heart meant death and destruction for her. But the feminine character has been affected by the process of evolution, together with all other things under the sun.

Our Queen Carmen says: "A woman would be stoned if she began to do things which a man of honor does with impunity." She should add, "anywhere save in Paris and New York."

In those cities for every man with a past can be found a woman with a past, present and future, who seems to be pelted with bouquets rather than stones.

The brightest and truest of the royal author's epigrams is when she says, "A woman who is misunderstood is a woman who does not understand others."

Whenever a woman tells me or writes me that she suffers from "not being understood" I know she is so thought-centred upon herself that she has not been able to learn how to please others.

The unselfish person is always understood, even by those who call him a fool.

"An unhappy woman is like a flower exposed to the wind; for a long time she remains a closed bud, as soon as she begins to flower she withers!" No, indeed, Madame Carmen! Not unless she ignores the inward source of strength and beauty which lies in every soul.

I have seen unhappy women—women who have suffered the worst of sorrows, yet whose faces grew more beautiful day by day.

It is discontent, not unhappiness, which withers a woman's face.

The most beautiful eyes are often those which have shed the most tears.

It is a well-known fact that the simplest and most effective remedy for overtaxed or irritated eyes is salt and water; and does it not seem very suggestive that God salted our tears?

I think we are meant to weep sometimes, or the brine would never have been stored in our tear ducts.

But there is an intemperance of grief which is more disastrous than our eating or drinking. "In many cases a woman's virtue must suffice for two."

Queen Carmen forgets that a woman's virtues, or the lack of them, must suffice to furnish character of worthlessness for a long line of descendants.

To one wicked woman in England has been traced a list of two hundred criminals.

To one woman's morality as many noble characters might be traced, did we take as much pains to get statistics of virtue as we do of vice.

It is the mental result of an act rather than the act itself which makes an impression on society.

Men lose their virtue and forget all about it; a woman loses hers and remembers. The man if he remembered would confess the fault and again forget it. The woman would lie about it, and so add another link in the chain of immorality. And it is the suppressed and hidden qualities which descend to the children and grandchildren.

A man's vice is often like a tumorous growth, which can be removed by the skilled hand of reform and leave only a scar; a woman's is almost always like an internal cancer, which destroys her. In the sight of the Creator there can be no difference in the sin. In the result on society there is a difference. Yet, since men are coming to a higher understanding of morality and women are demanding newer and broader standards of conduct, the difference will gradually diminish, until it ceases to exist.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE CASE OF ALGER (By Ambrose Bierce) AND OTHER THINGS.

IN replying to some of his critics Mr. Alger made a judicious selection of critics to reply to. As chief of these he chose the London Times. The censorious voice of that journal is imperfectly heard in this country, "across waves" tumultuous roar," and for the matter and manner of its remarks on Mr. Alger the American people have to depend on Mr. Alger himself, who is apparently more sensitive to British opinion than to that of his countrymen. Quite a number of American journals of repute, many of them belonging to his own political party, have for a long time manifested a strong sense of Mr. Alger's moral and intellectual delinquencies without evoking a "reply." Perhaps he did not know where to begin.

In replying to his over-seas critic Mr. Alger confines himself almost wholly to two points—appointment of incompetent military officers from civil life and misappropriation of money by officers of the supply departments. As to the latter, nobody, I believe, has made specific accusations, and the general ones have not been insistently urged. If Mr. Alger had affirmed himself and his words of departments guilty of cheating at cards his "reply" would have been quite as interesting and enlightening.

Need we especially concern ourselves about the other matter. It is obvious without demonstration that a volunteer army of more than 200,000

men could not be officered altogether, or even mainly, by graduates of the National Military Academy, even if the Secretary of War had a free hand in selections, which he had not. It was already known that officers of State volunteer regiments of the several States were appointed by the Governor.

Of the 1,032 volunteer officers appointed by the President, 501 were taken from civil life. It is with regard to these that most complaint has been made. That a majority of them were "somebody's sons" and had a political pull has been shown many times by publication of their names and family connections, and no attempt at refutation or justification is recalled. Perhaps Mr. Alger had little to do with it; perhaps nothing better could have been done; but at least the facts of their appointment are not altered, nor the charges of their incompetence met by pointing out that there were less than six hundred of them. There was always one too many, and it was the one that was attempting to perform some kind of military service. When doing nothing for their keep they were redundant, but not insupportable.

Mr. Alger knows well enough that what has chiefly stirred the country against him in the matter of appointments is not the selection of incapable civilians to be soldiers, but of incapable soldiers to be commanders of armies and heads of

departments. It is interesting to observe that in his defence against a less grave accusation he makes much of the fact that of thirteen colonels (three of engineers and ten of "immunes") no fewer than eleven were given to graduates of the Military Academy. This is a distinct admission of the value of the education given at that great school. Why, then, was not its value recognized in appointing officers to high authority and command? Why is it that the Chief Commissary of Subsistence, an officer charged with duties of capital importance at such a time, was not a West Point man, but an Eagan? Why was the army of invasion in Cuba intrusted to Shafter the Fat? Why was Merritt rushed from Manila before he was permitted to strike a blow and replaced by Otis the Odious?

We need not ask why Miles, who also is not a graduate of the Military Academy, headed the war in Porto Rico. As Senior Major-General he had a right to be there, and has now a right to be at Manila. If not in Manila, he has a right to control, under the President, the army of which he is the titular commander. He is the only one of our Major-Generals not educated as a soldier who has shown marked ability; and in that is found, doubtless, the reason why his energies are in distress, while in his name, but without his assent or knowledge, the fussy Corbin issues orders gov-

erning the army. Corbin is civilian bred, as is Wood, who without even military experience was set over so many gray-headed West Point campaigners at Santiago, where he still commands.

In short, of all the Administration's military pets not one is a graduate of the Military Academy, and not one has done creditable service; while the only non-graduate of whom creditable service could be confidently predicted and who as head of the army has a natural right to perform it is kept under the slab. In the face of such facts as these Mr. Alger's defence of himself by showing that the right thing was done in eleven minor matters out of thirteen, is no less than impudent. If henceforth he employ any part of his well-earned leisure in "replying," it is to be hoped that he will not overlook the sins that he is seriously accused of committing. He might properly enough manifest his memory of them if only to throw the blame upon the wicked President, who is culpable enough, God knows!

Mr. Alger is no longer of national importance, but the evil that he has done lives after him as a warning to his successor, and he cannot be permitted to thrust his decaying pate out of his political tomb with a mouthful of denials that do not go to the heart of the matter.

The pugnant gentlemen down there in Clay County, Kentucky, appear to have grown weary of fighting. Two of them have enlisted to serve under Otis in Luzon.

Having amused ourselves by lynching some Italian subjects on suspicion, we find ourselves confronted by their Government with a demand for explanation. We have no explanation to give, further than that it is our national custom to lynch. If that is not satisfactory, coupled with a humiliating apology by the President, we shall pay out of the National Treasury, and the Treasury of the State of Louisiana, where the lynching was done, will be none the leaner. As to punishing the lynchers (if Italy should demand that), the General Government is without power to comply; but if an Italian man-of-war should bombard New Orleans the General Government would have to mix matters with that Thunder-bolt—that is, it would have to side with the lynchers. It is a beautiful scheme, this Government of ours. It seems to have been invented for the purpose of shirking responsibility to foreign powers. They have been pretty patient, as a rule, have been content with dollars and apologies—but some day one will demand life for life, and in the blood of our sailors and soldiers we shall pay for the privilege of living under a government that does not govern.

Two men-of-war were lying peacefully at anchor, side by side, when one fired into the other, killing some of her crew. The captain of the aggrieved vessel immediately boarded the other.

"Sir," he said to the captain of the offender, "you have wantonly killed some of my men."

"Let us be accurate," was the reply. "Some of my gunners have done so. I assure you they acted without orders."

"Very well, sir; I demand that they be hanged at the yardarm forthwith."

"You will have to be content with a sum of money and an apology. By the terms of my agreement with my crew they are independent of my orders, and I have no authority to punish them."

"The devil! What ship is this, anyhow?"

"The United States."

"And who is your owner?"

"The crew."

"You are a queer outfit. If it is a fair question, have you, for example, a compass?"

"My friend, the suspicion wrongs us—we steer by the will of God."

So Sampson wants prize money! Well, I declare! I know not what Sampson's captured, nor where. Cervera surrendered to Schley, so they tell. And the mule of Matanzas still lies where he fell.

AMBROSE BIERCE.